NEW JERSEY
AFTER HOURS
The Weekly Guide to Entertainment

Feb. 17
1950
15c

"I Was A Wayward Minor"

As told to
ALBERT E. HART

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New Jersey February 17, 1950

"AFTER HOURS"

The Weekly Guide To Entertainment HUMBOLDT 2-8286

Published weekly at 105 Broad St., Newark, N. J., by the AFTER HOURS, INC.
SUBSCRIPTIONS: $6 for one year; $3.50 for six months; 8 issues $1.00.

Harry B. Webber, Editor; Albert E. Hart, Fiction Editor; Alice Richards, Feature Editor; Rebecca Newby, Fashion Editor; Melonee Jones, Club Editor; Tiny Prince, Promotion Editor; Beverly Bradley, Night Life and Music Editor; Evelyn Brower, Picture Editor.
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PHOTOGRAPHERS: Al Henderson, Wellington Davis, Myles Cunningham, Oliver Baker, Bryan Quinn, Fred Barnes, Irving Overby.
ADVERTISING DEPT: William B. Davis, Tiny Prince, Jimmie Pitts, Beatrice Harris.
NATIONAL DISTRIBUTORS: Greater N. J. Newsdealers, 264 - 13th Ave., Newark, Mitchell 2-7090

My Greatest Night Life Thrill

By BOB LANCE TAYLOR

Was in 1933 when clinking glasses caused me to almost pause doing my act. Leon Easton and His Band was rocking the house. Duck Massey on piano, Carl McIntyre on sax, Albert Best on bass, Washington Kenny on drums. Snow Ball was M. C. I had just left Dodgers Grill, Ma Fraziers place. It was one of those nites when things was happening. Tony Jenkins came in, Red Clayton, Adeline Gatlin, Alma Platter was sipping off in a corner. Oscar Watts was clowning all over the place. Jimmy Russell, Mabel Dudley, Virginia Pearce, Christine Blackmer, Lita Thornton and Guy Gordon was manager. It was a noisy evening, my most remembered and one I'll never forget with the home folks. Rollic and frolic had taken the place.

On The Cover

IRMA LOVE, of 178 Waverly Avenue, one of the better dressed models won the New Jersey State Elk bathing beauty contest in 1947. She is a Fultz Model...
Henderson Foto

INSIDE STORY

By BUTLER WEBB

Janet Beadle and James H. Fultz are feuding over importation of New York models for a benefit show instead of using local models...Meanwhile the model war continues, and Albert E. Hart wants to expose it all.

After Hours will not be changed radically to fit New York but will become the only Jersey publication sold there in any numbers. We find that what happens in Jersey is of much interest to New York..we apologize for Jimmie Pitts' line on Mrs. Peggy Riley and it has been corrected. Delay on pictures has interrupted Tiny Prince's series on best dressed women but it will be resumed. H. N. Cooking school was a top success with many prizes given. Earl Harris, host at the D. B. when it had shows all week, is now a television salesman handling seven brands..saw Howard Anthony of Cranford at King Hiram the other night.

G. O. P. leaders in the state are making big plans for 1950-52 and will try to get Driscoll in the White House..many younger Gop's were at recent Saturday cocktail party at Suburban Hotel in East Orange..Club Esquire Ltd. Post Valentine dance Feb. 18 at Club Harold ..Mrs. Mable Fields Valentine party invites going out..Platoons-Tweedsmen Charity affair at Armory is being well-planned.

Alma Jackson of Wilson Beauty Salon has created a sensational new hair style that will be the rage between now and Eastr..it is called "Passionale". Miss Jackson was singer at Kelly's Stable, at Apollo Amateur Hour, was with McKasar three years, Kay's House of Beauty and 5-Star Beauty..Just read advance sheets on Albert (Spruce Street) Hart's great new serial and it's terrific - "Sugar Hill".

Some names at recent formal of the Women at King Hiram: Emma Carter, Gus Lewis, the Clifton Hassells, the Blaine Johnsons, the Albert Hollands, the Naze Wallaces, the Wilmer Tates.

A recent Sunday at the bars: Charlotte Williams with New York guests Carolyn Franklin and Gladys Booker and Theresa Macklin Sudie Young, Isabelle Anderson and Lois Dodson..Big wedding in Montclair a recent Saturday with Clarence Janifer Jr., and Josephine Bell of that city..Phil Thigpen in Alumni House Sunday P. M. the day after a thrilling victory in N. Y...Evelyn Pouncey a natural born actress should be starred in Al Hart's three-act comedy..

Police want Dale Harvey of Cottage Street to drop charges of attack made against two ofay youths..I thought the police were to protect the people.

The East Gate Lodge No. 10 AF and A. M. Benefit Dinner and Dance in honor of Grand Master Robert F. Ke arse, Vaux Hall Postmaster, will be held at King Hiram Craftsmen's Center, Sunday February 26, 6 to 10 P. M. with music by Dickson and His All Stars..Little Johnny Johnson is back home from the hospital.

N. J. C. Model

ROSE HAILEY of 116 Newton Street, Newark, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mack Todd, is dispensary distributor at Bambergers, follows bowling, skating and crocheeing as hobbies. On Mothers day she made for her mother a beautiful blue plaid afgan. Her favorite dish is steak and french fries, she loves making a home, cooking meals and having friends in for dinner. Her advice to young men is to be like their fathers were in their twenties and thirties. She is a model student at North Jersey Charm School along with Doris Calloway and Tyena Clark.

King of Arlington

(What has happend: Blackjack King, gambler, ladies man and fiancee of Augustine is nabbed by Federal agents who accuse him of the dope racket in wicked old Arlington Street and while he is away Augustine. leaning to her old habits, gives herself to a stranger, a roomer in her and Blackjack's home.. But her new lover also knows of Samara, the dark girl from Wickliffe Street who is madly in love with Blackjack also, though he wants to marry Augustine and keep Samara as his mistress. Samara and the man meet in the cabaret in old Kinney Hall and agree that they can do business with each other.)

CHAPTER IX

By BUTLER WEBB

While Samara and Augustine's roomer and new lover, Clark, talked and plotted in the cabaret, a heavy rainstrom had begun outside. The wind and the sheets of rain whipped up and down narrow Arlington Street and now there were no girls and no cruisers to be seen. Up in the Arlington Street house Augustine was remorseful. She lay across her silken bed, bitter because she had yielded to the stranger a few moments after they met. She knew she should have been loyal to Blackjack but there was just something about the stranger she could not resist. Even as she thought of him she grew restless again. She suddenly roused herself with the thought that she must go see what had happened to Blackjack.

So again she began to dress but this time she shut her bedroom door. Then acting on impulse she opened it again and resumed her dressing. She was acting wanton and knew it. For a moment she paused and gazed at her lovely copper body in the long mirror, then she resumed her dressing. This time there was no one to interrupt her. She finished dressing after a while, but still lingered in the room. Once she looked out of the window into the rainstorm and seemed undecided whether or not to brave its rigours.

Once she thought she heard someone enter the door downstairs but the thunder rumbled then and she was not sure. She walked to the window again to gaze at the storm. Then she suddenly whirled around.

Samara was standing in the doorway of the room. And once more the two rivals for Blackjack met face to face in Augustine's house.

"What do you want? How did you get in here?" Auyustine demanded angrily.

Samara, tall, dark, beautiful smiled slowly and maddeningly.

"With this," Samara said, holding up a small key.

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King of Arlington

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"Who gave you the key to my house?" Augustine said advancing on Samara. "Not Blackjack?"

Samara laughed.

"No not Blackjack," she said. "Your new lover, Clark, gave it to me."

Augustine was taken aback. For a moment she did not have the power to speak. The fact that her hated rival knew she had been unfaithful to Blackjack and knew it only a short time after it had happened, made her lose her poise.

"You bitch, you" she screamed. "You liar. What do you mean talking to me like this. Get out of here. Get out of my house."

"You'll never get Blackjack," Samara said and her voice was rising, too. "I'll see that you don't. I'll tell Blackjack. I'll tell him everything."

Now Augustine was almost wild with hate and also fear. She saw her whole world falling to pieces. If Blackjack ever learned of her unfaithfulness she knew that would be the end of everything. All the wildness in her blood now began to rise to the surface. She looked wildly about the room for something with which to injure Samara, who stood there assured and still smiling.

There was an oil lamp on the table by Augustine's bed. Now she was her old wild self, the same self which had made her the queen of the Arlington Street girls before she met Blackjack. In one swift movement she moved toward the lamp and seized it. Then fear showed on the face of Samara.

"I'll fix you, I'll fix you," Augustine shouted as she seized the lamp. It was an oil lamp for the house had never been completely fixed for gas connections to a table lamp. The oil lamp flared up as she seized it.

In one wild movement she flung it toward Samara, who leaped out of its way just in time. But then fear suddenly seized them both.

The oil lamp landed on the hall outside the room. On that hall was some sort of matting which was easily ignited as the oil spilled on it. The lamp then bounded toward the staircase and you could hear it bumping down the stairs. But, in an instant, the dry matting had caught afire. In an instant the blaze had leaped high and that was why both women were fear-stricken. Their anguished looks had taken the place of the former hatred that they both felt. They even moved toward each other in a gesture of mutual self defense. But now the blaze leaped higher and higher in the hall and down the stairway. It was only seconds before the whole hall and stairway were a mass of flame.

At first both Samara and Augustine stood stock still. Then they rushed toward the hall but the flames blocked them. They rushed together back toward the window but it was sealed with iron bars as was the habit in so many of the old Arlington Street houses.

Almost as if there minds were one, they dared the flames in the hallway and managed to reach the stairway to the third floor. They hurried up this stairway and at least escaped from the now

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King of Arlington

(Continued from page 7)

only succeeded in placing themselves in another trap. After hurrying up the stairway, they paused at its top and looked below. They saw the lower part of the house now an inferno of flames. They heard in the distance the response of the Newark fire department.

Thy moved on up the stairs to the top floor. Augustine was sure there was some exit through an attic to the roof. But they ran wildly about through the third floor rooms and never found it. They rushed toward the third floor windows and flung them open. Way down below was Arlington Street in the rainstorm and the fire department beginning to play water on the fire. Already there was an attempt to raise a ladder to the third floor.

Suddenly Samara pulled Augustine to her and they both clung together. Now the flames were racing up the stairway to them and they both seemed to realize at last that there was no escape.

Down in old Arlington Street a man was racing toward the crowd that gathered in front of the fire despite the rain. It was the tall figure of Blackjack. How he ever got away from the custody of the Federal agents is a story that may never be told. But there he was and he was fighting through the crowd and now had even passed the fire line and was racing up the steps of the house which was to be his and Augustine's abode. But he could go no further.

The flames were pouring out the front door now, for the fire had gotten from under control. The firemen battled in vain to subdue it.

Blackjack ran back to the pavement of Arlington Street and looked high up in the air.

At one moment he saw Samara and Augustine standing, panic stricken in one of the third floor windows. In another minute they were gone and the flames billowed out the window.

The house had almost burned to the ground before the fire could be gotten under control.

They found the bodies of Augustine and Samara locked in tight embrace.

Blackjack had managed in one mad effort to escape from custody in the Federal headquarters in the old Post Office building at Broad and Bank Sts.

Even as he had rushed up to the burning building, the Federal agents had caught sight of him and were closing in.

He never saw the bodies of either Samara or Augustine. He was tried on th drug charge, convicted and sentenced to 20 years. The first year he passed remembering his victories in old Arlington Street, the first night he had met Augustine, her attack on him and his fatal conflict with the Lamplighter, Augusfor some months lay in a grave on the outskirts of the city. He remembered the first sunny day he had met Samara and he writhed on his prison cot at night as he recalled the passionate embraces of both women.

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MISS HELEN WILLIAMS, student at Albert E. Hart's National School of Applied Modeling and Charm is starring in Mr. Hart's 3 act comedy, "Country Girls Come To The City" listed for initial presentation at Isreal Memorial AME Church, Mercer and High Sts., Newark, N. J. on Thursday evening February 23rd. The second semester of the National School will start on Monday, February 5th at 7 p.m. with an introductory Cocktail Party.

Road by the River

What has happened: the author, Louis George, escaped Death Row to meet Modestine who secrets him in her family's cabin on the Delaware, at Trenton. He leaves there to go to Burlington where he hopes to clear himself of conviction as slayer of his white boss's daughter. En-route he meets a young singer Pearl White and between her aid and that of her boss, Marty, he decides to surrender and fight to vintication legally the next morning. As he listens to Pearl sing in the night club, knowing this is his last free night for a while, he looks toward the door and sees Modestine approaching.

CHAPTER VII

By LOUIS GEORGE

When I saw Modestine, all she has done for me came back in a rush. I was so glad to see her that I wasted no time moving toward the door to greet her. On my way I happened to look toward Pearl on the bandstand and I saw hate gleam from her eyes as she watched me. Just the same I moved toward Modestine and kissed her right on the lips when I reached her.

She was actually trembling and responded so passionately to my greeting that the crowd around us began to laugh. Then we both found words.

"How in the world did you get here?" I asked her.

"I had to come Louis. I've been through everything. A friend drove me down. Please be nice to him. I've got to talk to you. They locked up a man they said was you . ."

"I know. But don't talk now. Lets find a seat and have a drink. Everything will work out alright." I ushered her toward a side seat, aware all the time of venemous glances from Pe arl.

When we were seated and had ordered, Modestine noticed it also.

"That singer keeps staring at us," she said. "Who is she?"

"I met her on the way here," I told her truthfully. "She has helped me also by introducing me to her boss, Marty. He's going to help me."

She looked up at me and if I ever forget that look, even though I be seated in the electric chair and leaving this life forever, I deserve all that may ever happen to me.

Somehow my loyalties are all confused. To me it does not matter that I have another girl while presumagly loyal to THE one, I don't regard life in that manner. To me it is only for the moment. THE one may vanish from my life, against all my wishes, so when I leave her, It is always with that conviction that I may never see her again. If she is on the porch as I go out in the morning and I kiss her passionately goodbye, I always have a mental reservation that I may never see her again. Life has taught me to be so callous, and sometimes I regret it. It did not worry me too much that I had been unfaithful to Modestine. Yet I was still crazy about her.

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Road by The River

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I told her what our plan was. She said she was so sure I was in more trouble that she had to come down. She had been to four bars before she found me at this club. She said she could not stay because the man she came with wanted to return to Trenton at once.

Then suddenly Pearl was upon us.

I'll say this about a night club singer. They're sophisticated. Pearl didn't break into any dramatic statement. She put her arm around mine as I rose and acknowledged gracefully my introduction of Modestine. Then we three all sat down together.

I told them that I had no illusion about tomorrow. If they doubted it I pointed out the big cop who was even now standing near the door with his eyes on me. It was a gamble I had to take. Maybe Marty could help, maybe not.

"I am glad I met both of you," I told them as we all drank. "If everything goes wrong then I will have the memory of two wonderful girls."

But I knew all the time that both hated each other. I was desperate myself that I talked freely. In no time both Pearl and Modestine knew that I had been intimate with both. And so they hated each other But what did it matter after all

You live a little while and then you die, but when you die you remember only a few things. You remember the bicycle you wanted as a child. You remember how frightened you were when you made the speech at high school commencement. You remember the first girl, in the field or on the roof or in the hall. You remember the first dance and you remember Modestine and you also remembered Pearl and that was all there was to it. And so the evening passed and Modestine left in tears and I spent the last night with Pearl and we got drunk again.

But it all mattered not. The next morning I did go to the assistant D. A., and he did investigate and I did have a new trial and there was fresh evidence but there was only one thing wrong. I was a Ngro and that was that.

For that reason I am writing this brief story in my cell for I have long since been back in Death Row. In fact I die tonight.

The chaplain, my double, is coming for me now - - with the two guards.

The End

South Jersey Night Life

By BOB QUEEN

By the time this is printed, Chester Wheeler may have secured the famed Jackie Mabley for a Harlem Cldub engagement. . Al Hibbler, Ellington vocalist proved that big names will draw the Trenton crowds. . Watch 'After Hours' soon for a photographic display of Trentons' ten most photogenic girls picked from the collection of Garrison the photographer. Dean of South Jersey nitelife, Pascal Lee, president of the Citizen's Club During the fabulous days of the South Jersey Monday nite jam sessions, Pascal never missed one. The crowds travelled as far north as Tylers Chicken Farm and up the Delaware to Mason's in Lambertville

Fashion at "The Women" and "Venus Arts" Show

By REBECCA NEWBY and

ALICE RICHARDS

THE WOMEN'S FORMAL at King Hiram: Members of the club wore these gowns: Lillian Thomas, navy crepe; Christine Strickland, royal blue with satin slippers; Jeannette Jones, black crepe draped; Juanita Saunders, green satin. Henrietta Dawkins Lamb black with mint sleeves; Ella Johnson in black strapless, Edythe Mourning black gown with pink bolero; Jo Ann Smith in pink taffeta..

Other striking gowns noted: Nellie W. Flemming in navy strapless short gown.. Jeanette Beadle in strapless print gown draped, gold slippers, black file bolero.. Dorothy Philpot in teal blue gown with red sequinned bag and gold rimmed glasses. Frances Tompkins in blue gown of net with pink taffeta slip..Sally Cooke in beautiful black taffeta trimmed with red velvet.

Guests noted were the Donald Stokes, the Bob Harveys, A. Fosters, Ray Jones', the L. Greens of Red Bank, the Leon Hayes of Red Bank, the K. Wallaces of Jersey City, Miss Sally Carroll, Harry Hazlewood, the E. Philpots, Harry Wheeler, Marietta Love..

VENUS ARTS PROGRAM —

This affair at Alumni House saw Mary Turner, Edna Davenport and Ades Choice as hostesses; Vera Boyd, Ruth Chatman, Billi Dashner, Hazel Evans, Ann Grimsley, Mary Hatchett, Mattie Shepperson, Betty White and Cora Wright, Elsie Hill Elizabeth Leach, Lillian Jeffries, Minnie Lewis, Marian Parker, Jean Pittman, Ann Pratt, Fannie Reed, Mrs. Wardell, Suthan Walker and Mrs. Wormsley as models, Mrs. Anderson of Montclair as milliner and Mrs. Pittman and Mrs. Capitoa Berry of Montclair as designers

Outstanding gowns were those modelled by: Fannie Reid - - orchid slipper satin pillbox cocktail hat by Anderson.. with peach taffeta cocktail dress with print scarf effect and sashed belt.

By Betty White..a black mildew straw hat with red ribbons.

By Jean Pittman gold slipper satin dress with hanging fold from shoulders to tail of dress and stole lined with taffeta.

Minnie Lewis with an Anderson gold

The Arthur Prysock Story

By Albert E. Hart

No singer on the bandstand today can boast more perpetual popularity than can Arthur Prysock, vocalist with the Buddy Johnson orchestra. His handsome appearance, personality and charm on the stand, coupled with an extra-fine voice makes him a sensation and a drawing card wherever Buddy's band appears.

What many girls who sigh and swoon when Arthur croons don't know is that he is happily married to the lovely Brooklyn girl pictured above. Mrs. Prysock lived in Brooklyn all her life and met Arthur while she was in High School.

The Arthur Prysock story is a long one, a narrative of success which the reader knows only too well. For everytime he waxes one of his fabulous Decca recordings, the roof is blown off of the best-sellers list. "AFTER HOURS" takes pleasure in saluting Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Prysock, a lovely couple in anybody's book.

Tiny Prince Spiels

MISS AFTER HOURS "Girl of the Year" -

This contest is as easy as pie . Who will it be??? Girls this is the head to foot or perhaps a trip to California. Yes ladies this contest will decide who is who among the popular charming women about town..Don't forget to send in your application with your picture..

FASHION FLASH —

Helen Williams along Hunterdon wearing maroon clothcoat, mouyon lamb collar, grey tweed skirt, tan blouse, suede pumps. John Hall outside of Cafe Society grey hounds tooth check suit, white eyelit tan shirt, bronze yellow tie, grey olive hat and gloves, black shoes, blue overcoat Myrtle Hayes wearing green blue blouse, blue skirt, suede loafers brown straplet bag. LaTanya giving a fashion show and benefit at Terrace Ballroom for Community Hospital and Old Folks home. All the beauticians are wild about the Creamy Oil Shampoo

CAFE SOCIETY — Miami Fla.

Oh! yeah we are moving down there too, smiles. Ed Small, Montan Mooreland and Savoy Ballrooms own Charlie Buchand at West Palm Beach .James Purdy back in states after trip to Haita and Cuba, where he was doing pictures for Color Magazine..New York -

Dear Friend (I Hope):

With everybody talking about the water shortage I'd like to add my two cents plan..I got a friend who spends money like water. I mean it, money flows through his hands just like water - - during the shortage. We almost got relief the other day - - it rained cats and dogs - - too bad it didn't rain water! Understand water Commissioner Carney has petitioned for Ethel Waters to change her name to Ethel Shortage and Claude Rains to Claude Dry. The other day I saw a chicken sitting on the radiator. I walked up to her and asked what's the idea - - she said, that she is doing her part to save water - - she is laying hard-boiled eggs. While I was in California recently, I received a letter from New York. It was so dry that the stamp was pinned on the envelope .That made me worry so I told my girl; Honey you gotta help too - - you gotta save water and she said how can there ge a shortage with a big drip like you around? But this shortage must be over because I just heard that Governor Dewey is giving Mayor O'Dwyer 24 hours to get out of hot water. Sorry if I bored you, but I don't have to do this for a living. I got a good job. I smuggle water into New York City..

Cordially Timmie Rogers.

P. S. here's a real funny joke, I'm wrong, I opened at Cafe Society Downtown last week..P. P. S. My Co Star on this bill will be the one and only Ella Fitzgerald. . Nites filled with excitement over at

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Music Master

By BEVERLY BRADLEY

NEW YORK —

The 4 Knobs, recently back from a tour with the World of Mirth Shows in Ottowa, Canada and Portland, Maine, opened and closed at the Baby Grand and then the Lighthouse and are now dickering for a Jersey spot. The Knobs, a vocal instrumental group, consists of John Ross Leader-guitarist; Allen George, featured guitarist; Linwood Sutton, solo vocalist and bass fiddler and Sol on drums and are under the management of the Al Vail Agency. This combo recorded "Oh Dear, Dear Me" and "I Raised The Roof" released on Florida label.

Curley Russell well known bop bassist to record with Charlie Ventura's new big band. Larry Darnell's "For You My Love" one of the most played Juke Box Blues Records.

NEWARK —

500 people screaming for Proctor to blow
Proctor pulls his alto but the Union man says "No!"

You don't blow a note unless you have a card to show

So - at last Tal Proctor's one man boycott against joining the local is over, he finally is registered to be in the union. Proctor an old time saxman, has been a fugitive from the musicians union ever since the Newark local was first formed. He resented the union and all that it advocated. Tal was an artist - a musician and unions were made for the workin' man so he kept on his own little orbit, blowing his horn all over town - from the old time house parties to the later day beer gardens. He even blew his alto on the street corners drawing crowds and being chased by the cops. Well the union delegates finally got around to chasing him too. They ran him from the dance halls, the taverns and every other place the boys with cards were blowing 'til all that was left for Tal were the street corners and the cops were waiting for him out there. So Proctor is now thinking of joining up, rather than put up his horn to gather cobwebs. During his inactive period Tal turned songwriter and penned "Drinking My Sneaky Pete" which he claims is the original Sneaky Pete song, but he has many more, copy written and waiting. Every one that used to attend those House Rent Parties of the late 1920's and 1930's should remember Tal Proctor, blowing his alto with such well known exponents as Skoodlelum Do; Henry "Pop" Johnson; Donald Lambert; Nate Anderson; Battle Axe and many others including your columnist.

Ike Quebec's combo, with Ike on tenor; Al Crooks on bass; Eddie Wright on guitar and Little Abner drums just left the Bobaloo in Paterson.

At the Howard Bar the 3 Chucks and A Chick have Doc Watson on Sax re-

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N. Y. For-Get-Me-Nots

By The OLD TIMER

The wonderful days and nights at the Club Mimo in New York .and the day the Harlem wishing tree was formally dedicated. When big uptown clubs frowned on Negro trade, preferring the other..and the YMCA was the top lunch place in town. Cab Calloway on the basketball floor..the late J. Dalmus Steele on parade at elk turnouts. The night Henry Lincoln Johnson, waking in a Harlem room, made a brilliant speech on the bed bugs he had been worried with.

The trips to a Greenwich Village thats is no more..how spring came to Seventh Ave and every body watched it from in front of 2305 La Ma Cheri at 137th and Seventh when the old school crowd gathered there..when the Defender first opened its new office under Mr. White. J. Lecount Chesnut walking along 35th and talking about Standard Life Insurance debacle..Floyd Snelson in the old Tattlers offce..and the years when George S. Schuyler edited the Messenger Magazine owned by Chandler Owen and A. Philip Randolph..when Randolph used to wear spats on Sundays.

Floyd J. Calfin making the movie rounds Saturday afternoons.. W. E. B. DUBois and James Weldon Johnson when they were young fellows along the Avenue The Lafayette Theatre when it was under WPA and Orson Wells running about the theatre on rehearsal days, never still.. and the grand opening night of his "Macbeth" the scene laid in Haiti and all the Carl Van Vechten, and the scenes in that luminaries up front including Herbert Fauntleroy Julian in cape and opera hat, and the author of "Nigger Heaven".. and the scenes in that play, proving play, proving Wall's genius in recognizing the Negro acts better when part of a group..

The great Joe Louis fight nights and the nights before when all night the cars from 40 states rolled in and it sounded like a circus moving into town ..the crowd after the fights and how Seventh Ave was roped off with no traffic, only human traffic. The same Louis fight nights when Marva Louis sat in her Sugar Hill apartment and heard the fight by radio and then served one round of champagne when it was over. out the window you could see the headlights of thousands of cars crossing the bridge to the stadium. The fight was so brief that in a few minutes you saw the same lights heading back to Manhattan.

The Chicago crowd up in front of the Renaissance bar and the fine tweeds worn by the western gang..when J. Finley Wilson and the Rev. Thomas Harten held rival greetings in Penn Station when the freed Scottsboro boys came in. When the A. A., office was located on 35 135th with Ralph Matthews in charge.. when the P. C. office was up on Seventh with Edgar T. Rouzeau in charge..when the P. C. had offices at 2305 - 7th with Floyd Calvin in charge. When they did the Big Apple at the formals in the

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I Was a Wayward Minor

By ALBERT E. HART

By STEPHANIE

(As Told To Albert E. Hart)

Editor's Foreward: This is a true story. A tale so shocking, so vivid, that it borders on the fantastic. It is taken from the case history of a large metropolitan city's juvenile court, a city which for the sake of secrecy we shall call "Bigvilla." AFTER HOURS' feature editor, Albert E. Hart, while paging through a court report, came across this story and went to interview the girl concerned. The subject in this story is a charming 16 year-old high school girl, who was spared the humiliation and shame of a 're orm school and possibly prison, by sheer, miraculous good luck. This girl, who we shall call just "Stephanie" was glad to tell her story to Mr. Hart, because she hoped by its narration some other girls or girl would be saved before she sunk too low in the slime of immorality. "I Was A Wayward Minor" might well be a warning to careless parents to keep a closer watch on their children because somewhere - - at this very minute, some child is re-living Stephanie's story. This child could be your daughter - -

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The names of characters in this story have been changed and the names of places disguised in order that the utmost secrecy to which the writer was sworn might be maintained.

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CHAPTER ONE

"I THOUGHT I WAS SMART"

My name is Stephanie. Sixteen years ago my parents moved to Bigvilla from Georgia. I grew up in a stinking tenement house on Afro Street. All my life I knew nothing but filth, rats, roaches, vermin and foul smells. I was continually subjected to an atmosphere of profanity and drunkeness. My mother and father however were fortunate in that I can't remember a day when either of them were out of work. Being an only child, I was given everything my foolish mind could think up. I had more clothes than the other children in my block and I never knew a hungry day. Our cold water

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Wayward Minor

(Continued from page 17)

flat was also better furnished than any of those occupied by my friends. As soon as I got old enough to be able to think for myself I wondered why my parents didn't move away from that awful neighborhood. My mother worked hard trying to keep our home clean and to fight the ever present roaches and rats.

I remember the first day I played "hooky" from school. I think I was about ten years old at the time. That day, two girl friends and I spent the day at Lucy's house. We got an awful thrill out of "putting something over" on our parents and our teachers. How my mother found out about it, I don't know - - but I remember I received the most severe thrashing of my life when she came home. My father arrived home late that night, and when my mother told him about what I had done, he just listened in silence. When she finished I heard him ask;

"Where's Stephanie at now?"

My mother replied. "I gave her a good beating and sent her to bed."

"You did what?" I could hear my father cry out. "You know damned well we has agreed not t' ever hit that chile. I don't believe in hitting children and I thought you felt the same about it that I did. Don't you ever again lay hands on my daughter regardless of what she does!"

With that he stormed into my bedroom and sat on the bed. Tenderly he pulled back the covers and took me in his arms. He comforted me with words and promises. He promised me that never again would my mother or anyone else lay hands on me. I regret to this day that promise made by my father. For that was the push which sent me whirling down the path to shame.

After that night, I did just what I wanted to do. If I wanted to go to school I went. If I wanted to help with the housework I did. If I didn't I would just tell mother didn't want to do it and that was that. I came and went as I chose. I know now that my actions ate my mother's heart out but she was very much afraid of my father and she dare not try to punish me for my impudence.

Many times my parents would quarrel about me. My father would always take my side regardless of how wrong I was. Today I hate him for that. Because his upholding my wrong-doings robbed me of the most valuable thing a growing girl needs - the advice and confidence of a mother. I think I even bgan to fell superior to my mother. That was why when

(Continued on page 26)

CARRIE OLIVER, of 90 Baldwin Street is a business girl and music lover. She is a Mr. Google Eye Fan.

The Best Dressed Men

By REBECCA NEWBY

WILLIE GRANT of 85 Monmouth Street, a tailor is 21, a bachelor, drives a 1942 Buick sedan His favorite outfit consists of brown shoes, beige trousers maroon sports jacket, beige light wool sport shirt and brown hat His hobbies are horse back riding and tennis and his favorite dish is sea food Brown is his favorite color He says women should not buy mens clothes His ambition is to become an accountant, he does not drink and for relaxation he listens to semi classical music. He loves to travel and says his wife must be intelligent and have poise plus tastes in common After Hours he nightclubs in New York.

The Business Roll of Honor

Among the many Newark younger beauties is MARY L. WILLIAM, above, of 162 Chestnut Street.

The Peoples Choice

By JIMMIE PITTS

Give To The March of Dimes —

Hello Friends; this is Big Jim with the latest news..the Gentlemen Affair promises to be a great one this month....Student Council are planning their annual dinner this month also. Mr. and Mrs. Atlas Martin were honored by the presence of Long Island friends from New York including Mrs. Louis Armstrong, wife of the singer, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ware, Mr. and Mrs. Mike Mitchell of Kearny, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Lattimore,...Miss Mary Kilpatrick and Alfreda Gill of Wisconsin were having a fine time at the Pic.

Sonny Spain and Don Richardson seen at Madison Square Garden....Don Newcombe and brother enjoying show at the Downbeat.... Exclusive Arcadians would like to meet the Sweethearts of Oranges....General Instrument is crowded with glamour girls....Calisa Powell, Sue Warrick, Ida Barnhill, La Vera Conover....Woodsie the song bird of the world will be home soon from the coast....Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Coleman enjoying an evening at one of the popular clubs.

Emma Harten's dad dropped in from Philly to enjoy her 30th birthday....Chippie White and her dapper boy have been seen together often....Sam Griggs of the Orange Reconditioning Club hopes for a better basketball team....Hattie Myrick will appear on Apollo Amature Hour March 1....Savoy Shorty was real gone at D. B. ....Lester Young and the Orieles will be at Laurel Feb. 18, a Jitterbugs Jamboree. Drop a line of important news to Jimmy Pitts, social and sports.

Mr. and Mrs. Hasie Mitchell doing the night spots were seen at Pic and Caravan....Mr. Google Eyes due at Birdland after trip to New Orleans. Sorry about the Peggy Riley note and we apologize....Help The March of Dines.....

Looking Straight

By EVELYN BOYDEN

WE ATTENDED SEVERAL PARTIES DURING PAST FEW WEEKS —

Not too many weekends ago we attended a party given by Connie Stewart, of suburban town, Madison, New Jersey.... among guests: Ruth Ganious.... Robert Treat School Teacher, and of course, Attorney Harry Hazelwood, Jr.....former Dot Harrell (pardon us, we don't remember the new name) with hubby....quite a nice fellow, who said his holiday season was especially happy one as he was not married a year ago ....Frances Gregory and hubby ....(now we are really embarrassed again we forgot his first name!)....nice party and truly in a fashion that we might read about in one of the better magazines)....

Attractive Hortense Hudson (Columbia University Grad Student) gave a small get-together for some friends at her home in Orange, N. J.....among those present: Helen Dawkins.... Al Tindall....Nat Coleman....Jim Sherman, squiring Beryl McCloud about these days....Bob Andrews, John Kaye....and several others....Highlights of the evening: Card Playing, Dancing and Bonanza....

Helen Dawkins of Newark, Vanderpool Street entertained for a score or more friends.... "Open House"....with all the trimmings, including bartenders....party held in her lovely gameroom....among those coming in to say "hello" and lingering until "wee hours"....Josephine Bell of Montclair....Clarence Jamfer, Jr.....Leona Houston with guest from Detroit Michigan....Chrys Dupree of Montclair....Mellicent Olphin....quite the gracious young lady (Employee of Newark Housing Authorities) .... George Delg telling of his new job as Accountant in Philly....Harold Potts, Springfield College Graduate Student...Jim Sherman, Beryl McCloud....Eugene Bouie ....Pauline Murphy of East Orange...helping to provide entertainment along with talented Donald Brooks of Newark (Interpretive Dancer)....Ralph Jacob....Myrtle Hayes of Newark ....with Andrew Price of Howard Univ. Engineering School....Bill Davis....Newark Third Ward

(Continued on page 29)

GETTING AROUND

WILSON and FARRAR

Seen at Club Mombasi in Lodi, N. J. were Roy Hustus of Garfield, Dorothy Massey of Hackensack, Dorothy Bailey of Hackensack, Mrs. McIntosh of Hackensack, Eddie Ellison of Englewood, Jimmy Oliver of Clifton and many others enjoying the entertainment of Red Foxx, After Hours' number 1 entertainer.

Seen at Small's Paradise were Leon Alston, Sisy Tines, Louise Mitchell all of Hackensack, Robert Prime of Leonia, Ada Wright of Leonia....at Club 72 in Hackensack were Larry Bland, president of the Mad Men of Hackensack, Sylvester Fields, president of the Playboys of Hackensack, Virginia Smith, the up and coming young singer of Hackensack, Herman Tally and Edna Welden.

At the Springwood Bar and Grill in Vauxhall we noted George Calk, Benny Wells, Janice and Barbara Scott, Leon Burchell and Faith Wilson among the many.

At the Society Club dance at Shady Rest where Bizz Daniels and His ork held forth were Betty Bailey of Newark, Gloria Branch of Vauxhall, Alese Gates of Warwick, N. Y. and Mrs. Parnell of Plainfield and many others.

Music Master

placing Amy Garrison who is due to return very soon. I know her many followers will be pleased to hear this.

Most of the local spots are holding on to their same combos, with no changes anticipated in the near future. Billy Harris Super 5 still at the Lyric Bar; Joe Manning's Two Beats and A Sound at Cafe Society; Gus Young's group at Lloyd's; 3 Chucks and A Chick at the Howard Bar; Earl Baker's group at the Kinney Club with Fats Morris playing fine trombone.

The Pleasant Grove Inn, down in Cliffwood, N. J. is a fine little spot and was well worth the trip with the Versatiles Russ Brown on tenor Sax; Nate Anderson Piano; and Lloyd Mitchell drums sounding great.

FLASH: Earl Baker closed at Kinney Club to open at Club Downbeat.

Wayward Minor

(Continued from page 18)

I first began to realize that boys and girls were different I didn't ask her anything about it. When I was eleven I had my first sex experience. I remember it clearly as if it were yesterday. We were over at Marion's house and we started to play "house." I was the mama and a boy whose name I have forgotten, was the "papa." The other children played the part of children and another boy was the "doctor."

The boy who was playing my husband, suggested that we put the "children" to bed and that we go to bed ourselves. That night, in my innocence, I asked my mother what it was all about. She told me roughly that I was too young to know about such things and told never to mention it to her again. Oh the tragedy of those words. How many thousands of ignorant mothers have caused their daughters untold years of misery because of their failure to give them a few words of kind, sensible advice and instruction before the dangerous adolescent years set in. I pray that any mother who has been guilty of this great sin, would today, repent and take their daughters into confidence. If you don't know how to tell your daughter about such things there are many books on the market which will help you.

When I was a little over 12 years old I menustrated for the first time. I thought I had done something wrong and in my fear I was reluctant to ask my mother what was the matter with me. In alarm I went to Marion's house and told her about my trouble. Marion had "started" four months previously and she told me what her mother had told her. When her mother came home she told her about my predicament and her mother immediately took me by the hand and took me home. My mother was preparing supper and Marion's mother told her to drop everything and come into the living room. She told my mother what was wrong with me and said it was a shame I hadn't been told about such things llong ago. After she left my mother whirled angrily on me.

"Stephanie," she stormed. "Why didn't you come to me about something like that instead of spreading your business all over the neighborhood?"

Tears welled to my eyes. I didn't know what to reply. Finally I blurted out: "You told me not to ask you about anything like that."

(Continued next week)

Club World Society

By MELONEE H. JONES

WINTER NIGHTS SPARKLE FOR SOCIAL CLUB DANCES —

Beautiful gowns of all colors and hues bedecked the ballroom at King Hiram Craftsmen Center last saturday evening ..The evening registered a huge success for the WOMEN, INC., who showed their appreciation of past patronage to the many who came out for their Annual Formal Dance..

Remember Sunday, February 12th, "An Afternoon Tea" will be given by the EXCLUSIVE EIGHT at 219 Eighteenth Avenue, Newark, N. J., 2nd floor..

The SURPRISE CLUB of Jersey City coming up with another one of their gala affairs, February 18th A Formal no less..

The Social Calendar marks February 24th for the first complimentary dance of the LORDSMEN of E. Orange - Othello Morton, James Calloway, Robert Golden Jee Green, Donald Hodges, Richard Howell, Floyd Jennings, Ray Kirkley, Edward Porter, Edward Williams and Sam Williams members of this group extend invitations to all their friends to attend this gala event at the Terrace Ballroom.. Meanwhile all Club World members prepare for our monthly meeting and frolic sometimes in March..P. S. If you haven't received your 1950 club card write in to Miss Jones, 115 Orient Ave., Jersey City, N. J...

Tiny Prince

(Continued from page 14)

Lloyd's Manor, Gus Young and His Band a terriffic job drawing the hep chicks and playboys. Pops! Gus is at his old form raring and tearing..Glamour girls and house maids swoon to the voice of vocalist Johnson Lee. Folks around bar Geraldine Wedeman, Pete Smith, Marie Gordon, Calypso singer Rita Ford Roland Morse, Gus Mack, Florence Bell with Helen Airel my happy birthday friend. Stella Lewis, sweetheart ball going to be real messy so says Low and Tessie..Orchids to Club Mona for an evening of relaxation George Hancock salesman for Hopping-Phillip Dodge and Plymouth dealers..Ruth Brown's favorite drink is Rock and Rye. Bill Cooks Club Caravan lite up like a Xmas tree when Illinois Jacquet made his guest appearance. Amid the laughter and music you could find Skip Herbert, James Fogans, and cutie vocalist Nellie Hill spell bound. Beaulah Maddox bowling like mad on the Hotel Coleman team..They say Betty Drenay will be up and around soon. Jimmy Sykes on the beat, digging the street. Howard Bar is also crazy with musical men Frank Brown tearing up piano, Danny Gibson on drums, Joe Watson on bass and Doc Watson on tenor sax, real sweet al-la-la..Looking their best were Gertrude Turman and Katherine Killibrew with Mr. and Mrs. Sunduke. Martha and Carol Wilder and Jam Session sponsored by Jersey Entertainers, Feb. 7, 1950. Yours truly will see you there..

Calling All Sports

By JIMMIE PITTS

[illegible]

Looking Straight

(Continued from page 24)

GOP Chairman (Young Repubs) ....Julie Burrell of NewarkNand many many others....
NEWS and VIEWS —

We wonder....and we still wonder what a guy means when he gives a gal a solitare ....like the one Anita Nelson is wearing....the donor Ezel Mac Daniel of Newark....they claim they are only good buddies.... (Please enlighten us)....
Seen at the Republican $50.00 dinner Saturday past..Bill Davis ....Armelle Lewis of Newark.... Harry Hazelwood of Newark.. all decked down in formal attire....Dotty Powell of Belleville ....seen having quiet chat with hubby Harold Holloway....Rutgers University Law Student.... Julius Hewlett....and Grace O'Brien recently announced their marriage....and at home in East Orange, New Jersey.... The Richard Blands infanticipating....most sought after batchelor, Fred Jenkins, D. D. S., and a good catch, too....Ed Brown of Rosyln Salon telling of his frequent treks to New York....most interesting must have been Walter White's party (Former NAACP head).... A card fhom Chrys Dupree who was visiting Bohton recently.... Myrtle Hayes visiting Washington D. C. and tis said that she will return again soon!.... Josephine Bell recently said "I will" to Clarence Janifer.... member of the wedding: Helen Dawkins, school chum of Jo's.... Ethel Lett and sister Edith Moss "pop" calling in Montclair.... former Esqui-Vogue Dot Davis of Elizabeth, engaged to School Teacher from Baltimore....Billy Brown of Newark recently returned to Boston University.... a bit perturbed....Why!!....Larrie West Stalks, well on road to recovery from recent illness.... Bernice Bernard, seeing the town with Harold Collier....our psychologist friend....Bill Davis boarding train for Trenton once weekly....working at State Legislature....and we are definitely very proud....Stella Lewis making plans for gala Valentine's Party....and we end with a note about your scribe....car. shopping.....and until we LOOK STRAIGHT ON SOME MORE SOCIAL EVENTS.....

Next Week

From The Depths of Newark's Crime-ridden Slums - - She Rose To The Height of Society on Harlem's Fabulous

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Hot News Flash:-

Teddy Powell Presents the Orioles Quintet and Lester Young and his band, Saturday Night, Feb. 18, 1950, at Laurel Garden, 459 Springfield Ave., Newark. Take 25 Springfield bus to door or No 5 Kinney or No. 1 Newark.

Black Violet Prophet

Dear Black Prophet:

I am eighteen years of age and have a good job..I don't think I am bad looking. I would like to know why I can't get a date with a girl?

nfortunate Boy - E. K. U

Dear E. K.

Money and being nice looking isn't everything in getting a girl. Personality and approach play an important part. Try to discover what barrier is that stands between you and your social standing..Your lucky days are 10, 21 and 28..

Dear Prophet.

I have been dating a certain boy steadily for weeks, but my mother insists that I stop going with him. I don't have any fun with any of the other boys my age, no matter how nice they are to me, they are not like this certain one. My mother won't listen to reason and arguments have risen to this point. My question is, isn't she being unreasonable in this matter..

A. M.

Dear A. M.

My answer on this question wouldn't be complete because only one side of the story has been told. Your mother must have reasons for you not seeing this boy have a heart to heart talk with her, and that might make your problem easier.

Field's Fotos

By MABLE FIELDS

Sedate cultural Belledike Club of 1950 promises great things Membership is limited. They are at 114 West Market Street. watch for another outstanding marriage such as B. Daniels and Mrs. M. Colyer, voted by Club Variety as one of the loveliest young matrons of Baxter Terrace..Something new has been added to Carl and Joe's: above their tavern is the New Club Mona on Sussey and Lock Streets..All are looking forward to the marriage of After Hours Cover girl Minnie Williams and Malcolm Boyd this April .Gracie Smith is holding her own at the T-Bar..John Chitty is buying a 50 Cadillac..Call Mable Fields for news. HU.'5-0799.

N. Y. Forget-Me-Nots

(Continued from page 16)

Renaissance and all the pretty girls from eastern cities were in the big circle.

The pretty, short, gay colored dresses of the flapper era and how easy it was to see everybody's legs .. the gin parties in after hour rooms .. the wild parties in the Spanish quarter .. the early morning when people hurried past you and talked of such things as "her eyes bright as a silver dollar" .. the Fifth Ave. bus rides when you couldn't find money for a room. love madness in the park at 135th and Edgecombe .. the Brooklyn war between Prophet K. Costonie and Father M. J. Divine.

Who Will Be
"Miss After Hours"
the Girl of the Year?

In past years there have been popularity Contest all over New Jersey. Which always through the aid of judges carried the winner, some beautiful girl to fame in the social world.

Today this is taboo, we realize charm and personality are the main beneficials, and not beauty alone and the new angle this year is that the girl who piles up the most votes selling After Hours Subscriptions will be recognized by leading circles as "THE GIRL OF THE YEAR" She will receive a wardrobe, a trip to Hollywood, California and 25% of subscriptions she sells. Read contest rules and fill in application beow.

1950 MISS AFTER HOURS - GIRL OF THE YEAR 1950

1 Year Subscription $6.00 — 100 Votes 6 Months Subscription $3.00 — 50 Votes

8 Weeks Subscription $$1.00 — 25 Votes

Upon my acceptance as contestant I agree to the following rules·

1 I will be responsible for all vote books given to me in this contest and will faithfully report all sales to director during contest.
2 I can be disqualified from this contest for failing to make reports and accounts for sale of votes and returning unsold votes to director
3 As a contestant I must appear in person at finals to qualify for prizes.
4 Minimum votes sold to qualify for prizes 1st prize 3 books; 2nd prize 2 books; 3rd prize 1 book.
5 I pledge at all times to conduct myself in public, to be a credit to myself and this contest.

SEND IN PICTURE OF YOURSELF IF POSSIBLE
FILL OUT THIS BLANK

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

PHONE .....

TINY PRINCE, Director

Jersey Glitter

By DAVIS and CUNNINGHAM

Lila Fleming was indeed a beautiful bride and her gown was simple and yet eye-catching. The reception was really swell and gifts were very nice. Here's hoping the newlyweds a world of happinss and may all your trougles be little ones.

The Elks Forum, Pride of Jersey Lodge No. 22 and the Pride of Jersey Temple No. 98 will jointly sponsor on February 12 at 741 Ocean Ave a program dedicated to the immortal Abraham Lincoln. The program will be highlighted by guest speakers and vocal and instrumental accompaniment. There is no admission and the youth are being asked to turn out for a very educational program. Mrs. Florence P. Williams is chairman and the time is 3:30 P. M.

King of Arlington

(Continued from page 8)

Then he remembered that threat of the Lamplighter:

"For every lover my daughter had a man must die!"

Blackjack, restless, fun loving Blackjack, was really dying now, in prison. He lost half his weight the first year of incarceration. The second year he was almost a mental case. He kept repeatng for hours the names of the two dead women. What had he told Samara that first day she came to the Arlington Street house?

"I can't give up either of you. I'll marry Augustine but I'll never give you up just the same."

The End

Bop-Hop

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Everyone will realize
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have plenty o' fun!!

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Leader Congratulated

Governor [illegible] on his re-election as Essex County Delegate to the State Federation of Young Republicans. Davis is Chairman of the Third Ward Young Republicans and Administrative Assistant to the Speaker of the New Jersey Assembly, and After Hours Advertising Manager.

Who will be

Queen of April?

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What's Happening?

Feb 18: Buddy Snell Public Dance - Lloyd's

Temple Bar-B-Q - Masonic
Club Esquire - Club Harold
Iota Phi Lamba Sorr. - Masonic

Feb 21 The Frogs - Masonic

Feb 25: Coteria S. C. Dance - Masonic
Gentlemen's Limited - Club Harold

Sons of Georgia Dance - King Hiram's

Feb 26: Bethany Chap. O. E. S. Tea - Masonic

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